THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. XII MAY, 1925 No. 5

Mother's Love ..... Alfred Osmond 223
National Council of Women Quinquennial Campaign 225
The Mother 229
Mrs. Jeanette Acord Hyde ..... Dr. George W. Middleton 231
Resting Time for Mother ..... Mary H. Woolsey 234
Editorial—Seeing What the Missionary Predicted Concerning Palestine 243
The Missionary Home 244
Kate Waller Barrett ..... Annie Wells Cannon 245
To Mother Dear on Mother's Day ..... Willard Greene Richards 248
Mother's Answer ..... Lula Greene Richards 249
The Editor Abroad ..... Alice Louise Reynolds 250
New Board Members 257
Psychology of Child Feeding ..... Jean Cox 261
Of Interest to Women ..... Lalene H. Hart 266
One Phase of Motherhood ..... Susan T. Jennings 268
May ..... Mrs. Alice Foutz 272
Notes from the Field ..... Amy Brown Lyman 273
My Little Babe ..... Fern J. B. Russon 278
Teachers' Topic for July 279

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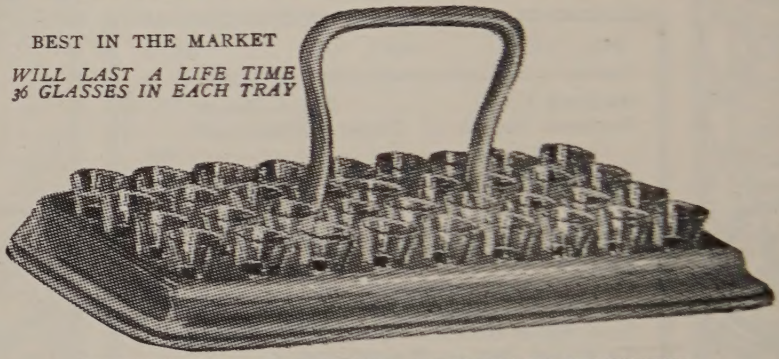

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Mother's Love

By Alfred Osmond, Head of the English Department of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

The mother thinks her boy was born to be
A model of the creatures of his kind,
That God and Nature work incessantly
In building up his body and his mind
In harmony with laws that have refined
The one they chose from coarser clods of clay.
For this one was selected and designed
To overwhelm his foes along the way,
When angels opened wide the golden gates of day.

Her cause of agony has now become
The royal bearer of her crowns of joy.
All other voices must be hushed and dumb,
That she may hear the accents of her boy.
Nor time nor tide nor terror can destroy
The love of mother for her darling child.
The grosser passions that debase and cloy
Have left our angel mothers undefiled,
To heal the wounded hearts that evil has beguiled.

All other things may fail, but mother's love
Is deeper than the channels of the sea.
The planets in their courses up above,
As changeless as the clocks of destiny,
Seem models of divine fidelity.
But even they may wander from their course,
Or, falling into fragments, cease to be.
But mother's love has an eternal source
And will forever be our chiefest moral force.

I see in mother's love an angel fair
Who watches with a fond, adoring eye,
And from his sunlight castles in the air,
Waves warnings through the clear and cloudless sky.
"My child! my child!" I hear the mother's cry—
"If you become entangled in disgrace,
The heartless world will guess the reason why,
Or read the secret in your mother's face—
The hero of her heart has lost his pride of place."

Lady Ishbell Aberdeen, *President of the International Council of Women.* From left to right: Mrs. Philip North Moore, *President National Council of Women of the United States.* Mrs. Ruth May Fox, *Auditor National Council of Women of the United States, Member Quinquennial Committee, Utah.* Center: **Mrs. Amy Brown** Lyman, *Delegate National Council of Women of the United States to International Council, 1925, Secretary Quinquennial Committee, Utah.* Bottom from left to right: President Clarissa S. Williams, *Chairman Quinquennial Committee, State of Utah.* Mrs. E. O. Wattis, *Vice-Chirman Quinquennial Committee, State of Utah.*

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XII MAY, 1925 No. 5

National Council of Women Quinquennial Campaign

UTAH DIVISION

Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, state chairman of the Quinquennial campaign committee for the National Council of Women of the United States, is to be heartily congratulated upon the fact that Utah, under her able leadership, was the first state in the union to complete and forward to the national president, the quota assigned to it.

The women of Utah who belong to organizations affiliated with the National Council of Women are also to be congratulated upon their loyalty to the Council and upon their earnest and successful efforts in raising their portion of funds to help defray the expenses of the great Quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women, to be held in Washington, D. C., in May, 1925.

From the time the International Council accepted the invitation of the National Council of the United States to hold its next meeting in this country, the women began to make plans and preparations for the interesting event. Affiliated organizations made contributions from their own treasuries to begin the work, and later the states were organized for a general campaign to raise the necessary additional funds.

Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, general president of the Relief Society, was named by Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president of the National Council, as state chairman for Utah, and she was notified that the quota for the state was $3,500. She was also informed that the advance gifts of the two national organizations with headquarters in Salt Lake City—the Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, might

apply on the state quota in case this would be agreeable to these two organizations.

Soon after her appointment as state chairman, Mrs. Williams, under the direction of Mrs. Moore, called together the presidents of the state organizations which are affiliated through their national groups with the National Council of Women of the United States, to consider the matter of assisting the National Council with its stupendous undertaking. The following organizations in Utah are affiliated with the National Council and the majority of them sent delegates to this meeting: League of Women Voters, National Woman's Relief Society, National Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, Women's Relief Corps, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Women of the G. A. R., American Association of University Women, National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union Young Women's Christian Association, Medical Women's Association, National Auxiliary of Spanish War Veterans, American Legion Auxiliary, Service Star Legion, State Nurse Association, the Temple Sisterhood.

The representatives assembled decided to support the National Council in every possible way to make the quinquennial meeting a success, and organized for the purpose of conducting the campaign for funds. Mrs. E. O. Wattis, president of the state Federation of Women's Clubs, was named as vice-chairman of the state committee, and Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, general secretary of the Relief Society, was named secretary. In addition to the chairman, vice-chairman and secretary, other members of the executive committee were: Mrs. Ruth May Fox, auditor of the National Council, and representing the Y. L. M. I. A., committee member; Mrs. E. V. Brooks, representing Women's Relief Corps, committee member; Mrs. Lavinia Brown, representing the Y. W. C. A., committee member. As a means of raising the quota it was decided to ask every member of every affiliated group in the state of Utah to contribute 10c toward the state fund, which it was thought, in addition to the gifts already forwarded by the Relief Society and the Y. L. M. I. A., and in addition to prospective patronships, would cover the state quota.

Immediately after the meeting held early in November, letters were sent out to the local presidents of the various groups and there was such a hearty response from the women of the state to the appeal of the central committee that in less than three months the quota was raised and forwarded to the president of the National Council. Mrs. Moore hastened to acknowledge receipt of the contribution from the state, and to inform the chairman that Utah was the first state in the union to send in its quota.

Quinquennial meetings of the International Council are held

every five years. The May meeting will be the sixth quinquennial, previous meetings having been held in Christiania, Rome, London, Geneva, and Berlin. This is the first time the honor of entertaining this great organization has come to the United States, although the International Council itself was founded in Washington, D. C., in 1888, by a group of American women, headed by Susan B. Anthony. These far-sighted women believed that an organization of the women of the world, pledged to the service of humanity, would become a great power for the promotion of the highest good of the family and the state, and the International Council was accordingly formed.

The International Council, today, is made up of National Councils of thirty-six countries, with a membership of 36 million women. One of the councils is the National Council of the United States, which includes forty national organizations with a membership of 12 million women.

The president of the International Council is the Marchioness of Aberdeen, who will be present and preside at the Washington meeting. Other officers of the International, and delegates from approximately forty-two countries, including the United States will also attend. Each National Council will be entitled to twenty delegates and alternates.

At the board meeting of the National Council of the United States, held in Washington, in November, 1924, the twenty delegates and alternates were selected from among the forty national organizations. Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman of Utah was one of the women named to represent the National Council of the United States on this occasion.

The sixth quinquennial meeting which will cover ten days, May 4-14, will be a great forum where the women of the world will meet to discuss world problems, and will no doubt bring about a better understanding among the women of the different nations and will be a decisive step toward international peace.

Prominent among the subjects for study and consideration will be permament peace, international arbitration, equal moral standards for men and women, law enforcement, public health, education, emigration and immigration, industrial position of women, child welfare, and kindred subjects. Plans for the first four evening sessions are as follows:

May 4—Ceremonial Evening, Mrs. Moore presiding. Addresses of welcome to be given by the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, the President General of the D. A. R., Mrs. Thomas G. Winter (in English), Mrs. Nathaniel E. Harris, Chairman of the Quinquennial, (in German), Miss Anna A. Gordon (in Spanish), and Mrs. A. Ross Hill (in French).

May 6—Music—Indian music of the early days of the Indians in this country; Negro Spirituals and American Composers.

May 7—Pan American sessions devoted to the interests of councils representing Pan American countries. Presiding Officers, Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt (Mrs. Catt will speak on her South American visit). Address of Welcome, Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director Pan American Building; Address of Welcome in Spanish, Mrs. Henry Redmond of Corpus Christi, President of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs.

May 8—Ambassadors Evening, when the Ambassadors will be received by the constituents from their countries. The Secretary of State has assured Mrs. Moore that letters will be sent to the Ambassadors of all countries in which there are National Councils asking them to give all possible assistance to National Council delegates.)

The entire program is not yet available. It will include the names of a number of the most promiment men and women in the world. Practically all of the Washington branches of national organizations in the Council will have "Open House" and various affairs for the representatives of their organizations and other guests. There will also be many luncheons, receptions, teas, and dinners arranged by Washington hostesses for the delegates to the conference.

The Utah life patrons, which have been either enlisted or named by the affiliated societies of Utah are: Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Mrs. Martha Tingey, Miss Clarissa A. Beesley, Mrs. W. W. Riter, all of Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Mary L. Hendrickson, of Logan.

The Relief Society and the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, the two national societies with headquarters in Salt Lake City, have named representatives to attend. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams will attend as president of the Relief Society and as state quinquennial chairman. At the invitation of Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president of the National Council, Mrs. Williams will attend a breakfast on May 5, given in honor of the International officers and the state chairmen. Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, general secretary of the Relief Society, will be one of the official National Council delegates representing the women of the United States. Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, will represent the Relief Society and the state Service Star Legion, of which she is president. President Martha H. Tingey of the Y. L. M. I. A. will represent her society. Mrs. Ruth May Fox, counselor to Mrs. Tingey in the Y. L. M. I. A., will attend as an officer of the

National Council of Women of the United States, of which she is auditor. Other Utah women who are expecting to be in attendance are: Mrs. W. W. Riter, a member of the finance committee of the National Council; Miss Florence Kimball and Mrs. M. K. Forrester of the League of Women Voters; Mrs. Eliza F. McFarland, superintendent of the Bee Hive Home, a home for girls conducted by the Y. L. M. I. A.; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crismon, and daughter, Mrs. John Y. Rich; Mrs. L. W. Lund, Mrs. M. F. Cowley, Miss Bae Williams and Miss Marion Cartwright. It is expected that other Utah women will be in attendance.

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

THE MOTHER

By Charles W. Hawthorne an American Artist

A Mother is not a collection of fine sayings, but an eternal influence of fine arts.—David Starr Jordan.

MRS. JANETTE ACORD HYDE

Member General Board of National Woman's Relief Society, appointed by President Coolidge to be Collector of Customs at the port of Honolulu.

Mrs. Jeanette Acord Hyde

By Dr. George W. Middleton

From the sociological standpoint the most outstanding feature of the ending of the nineteenth, and the dawning of the twentieth century is the enfranchising of women in almost all the civilized countries. The great wisdom of this plain measure of justice has already manifested itself, although the new era has been but recently initiated. The great need of society in all times and all places is leadership. There are plenty to follow in the right pathway when somebody else has blazed the way. With the enfranchising of women we have doubled our source of supply for leadership, and we hope that time will show that we have improved its moral quality.

Prominent among those women of our state who have risen to the new opportunities, and duties involved in the new order of things is the subject of this sketch, Mrs. Jeanette Acord Hyde.

Mrs. Hyde is a politician of a high order, and she seems to have the sagacity and intuition that enable her to play always a winning hand. It is said that the wind and the waves are always on the side of the able navigator. There is possibly such a thing in the world as luck, but when you look into the method of the lucky individual, you generally find there is something more than blind chance to explain the success achieved.

Being possessed of a fine personality, and a pleasing address, it is not a matter of wonder that Mrs. Hyde should have so ingratiated herself with the leaders of her chosen party, that she has held many positions of trust in her native state, and of late years in the nation. She was a delegate at large to the Republican convention which nominated Warren G. Harding for president of the United States. She is a member of the Republican National Committee, being one of the first women on whom this honor was conferred. In this latter capacity, she with her associates has charge of the interests of the Republican women of the United States.

At the present time she is enroute to Honolulu to occupy the position of collector of customs at that busy port. If I am not mistaken this is the first time in the history of our country when a woman has been chosen for such a position. In the face of opposition she was nominated by President Coolidge, and confirmed by the senate, and for at least the next four years she is to sit at the receipt of customs in the Paradise of the Pacific.

Enough political success one would imagine to upset the average individual, but hobnobbing with presidents, and great

politicians, and standing in the lime light has made no difference to Mrs. Hyde. She is the same genial, approachable individual that she was before all the luck came her way.

Apart from her political activities, Mrs. Hyde has touched social life at many angles, and has had a prominent part in most of the movements for social betterment in her native state.

She began her career as a student in the public schools of Spring City, which was her native town. Later she matriculated at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo. Those were the days of the old Master, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, whose inspiration was infectious. Many are the humorous incidents that live in the memory of each of the students who attended the classes of this remarkable man. Mrs. Hyde, who was then Miss Acord, made such a favorable impression upon him that she was retained for a year as instructor in the department of education and could have held a permanent position there had she so desired.

In the public schools of her native town, she was a great success as a teacher. If she had chosen to follow the teaching profession, there is no doubt she would have risen to distinction.

On July 22, 1887, she was married to Joseph S. Hyde. Of this marriage there have been born five children, three sons and two daughters. Miss Roumania Hyde, who is now Mrs. Ralph Wooley of Honolulu, was for a number of years one of the most prominent and popular musicians of Salt Lake City, and the rest of the family have all had the advantage of high school and college education. Mrs. Hyde is a born leader among women. A mere catalogue of all the positions of trust and responsibility she has filled would make considerable of an article in itself.

In the second Grover Cleveland administration, when the panic of 1893 paralyzed all industry, and filled the land with soup houses, Mrs. Hyde took an active part in the organization of relief work for the unfortunate. She was one of the prime movers in the establishment of Camp Glen, a recreation resort where working girls might have a place to spend their summer vacation in comfort and at a price within their reach. She supervised and planned the recreation of this popular institution.

The great World War, which stirred all modern nations to their depths, brought new fields of activity for women. It was indeed an inspiration to see this great nation rise in its might and majesty, and gird itself to the task of defending those sacred principles for which its martyrs have bled. From the remotest hamlet to the great metropolis there was the same spirit of consecration to a common cause. The dignity of our America must be maintained, no matter what the cost. It needed but this chance, in the new era of woman's political and social activities, to demonstrate that our women are quite as patriotic as our men, and

that they can fill a function in the hour of national stress which is most vital.

During the stirring times of our participation in the war, Mrs. Hyde was one of the most alert and active of our citizens. She was a member of the city and state council of defense, a member of the Liberty loan committee, and was chairman of the state conservation committee under Secretary Hoover. Notwithstanding her many public activities Mrs. Hyde never lost track of the home base, nor failed of her duty as wife and mother. In addition to all the family responsibilities, she found time to win the national prize for the best war garden, and for canning fruits and vegetables, for which she holds a national certificate.

She was one of the three founders of the Woman's Civic Center, an institution which has carried on an active campaign for the education of adult women. The Community Clinic which is a direct outgrowth of the Civic Center is doing a high class service to many people, who are in need of medical and surgical attention. Mrs. Hyde has served on its executive board from the beginning, and was one of the prime movers in its establishment.

After many church activities in lesser spheres, she was in 1912 set apart as a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, a position which she still holds.

To that Board she has rendered efficient service in the capacity of business manager of the *Relief Society Magazine,* and in the various other spheres of action incident to the work of this great charity organization.

As a climax to her many public services, the national recognition of her worth as a citizen involved in this appointment to Honolulu, must be most gratifying to her, and the love and respect of a great host of friends go with her into this Paradise of the Pacific.

A Picture

Elsie E. Barrett

Some trees, three cows, a winding path,
A cloud in gray-blue sky,
A scene so restful and so grand
It caught an artist's eye.

He mused, with soul to estimate
The picture nature made—
With three cows, trees, a bit of sky—
He saw the light and shade.

Crowds passed along the road that day;
Some looked but did not see;
While all ignored the splendor near
For some uncertainty.

The artist knew the ways of men
Who have no seeing-eye;
So he painted pictures of that scene
For all that crowd to buy.

Resting Time for Mother

By Mary H. Woolsey.

PART ONE

"Bobbie! Bessie! Jane!"

"Yoo-hoo!" came the answer, in three shrill childish voices; simultaneously three heads rose to visibility above the fresh green of the currant bushes at the edge of the orchard, and three small figures emerged and advanced towards the house.

On the front porch, Mrs. Martha Knox, affectionately known to nearly everyone as Mother Knox, (but to these three little ones as "Aunt Marthy") waited for them. She held an opened letter in her hand; her face wore an expression of mingled expectancy and regret. The trio approached; Janie, seven-year-old youngest, climbed into her lap.

She drew the little form close to her.

"Daddy's coming, children."

Shrieks of delight ensued. "When, Aunt Marthy?—To stay?—Oh, goodie!"

"Coming tomorrow. No, not to stay. But to take you away with him."

"And will you go, too?" demanded Bessie.

She shook her head, smiling. "No, dear.—You see, Daddy has—has found a sweet, new mother for you—someone you'll love, I know. Is not that fine?"

"Tain't fine!" denied Bobby, with all the emphasis his nine years could express; while his twin regarded him admiringly. "Who want's a new mother? I'd like t' know! I'd ruther have Aunt Marthy, any time!"

Aunt Marthy hugged them all at once.

"Aw, gee!" protested Bobby, wiggling free. "You don't want us to go, do you?"

"Why, of course, I'd like to keep you always, dear. But I'm thinking of your Daddy—how lonely he's been; wishing his boy and girls could be at home when he comes at night; wishing you were there to play with him sometimes. And the new mother is going to be so sweet—"

Induced into wide-eyed seriousness by her tone, they stood silent for awhile; Bessie was the first to speak.

"I think," she said very wisely, "I think perhaps we ought to try to love New Mother. I don't want Daddy to be lonely, Aunt Marthy.—Will you be lonely if we go away?"

"Yes, of course," admitted her aunt readily. "But you see, fathers and mothers are best for boys and girls."

"Better than aunties?"

"Better than aunties," she assured them. The twins sat slowly down on the steps; chins cupped in hands, to puzzle over this new problem. Janie, secure on Aunt Marthy's lap, maintained an awed silence; Aunt Marthy herself sat all but motionless. She seemed to have come suddenly against a high wall, beyond which she could not see. What would she do after these children had gone away?

They had come to her six years previously, motherless, frightened little mites of humanity; helpless, left in her capable hands by her brother, after the death of their young mother. Swiftly she grew to love them; for Martha Knox was one of those women whose hearts are all mother-heart, reaching out hungrily for babies, babies, more babies; little children instinctively trusted her, loved her, idolized her. It seemed no time at all until these three little ones were as her very own—although she was always conscious of a feeling that some day their father would probably claim them again.

Her own four had highly resented the coming of the small nieces and nephew; they thought it an "imposition," and said so in no uncertain terms; discussed "the task wished onto poor Mother by Uncle Bob's asking her to care for his babies. As if Mother hadn't done her share of this world's work when she'd reared her own (James, the eldest, had already married and settled in the city, seventy-five miles away, and the others were at college.) Just when things were getting so that she could take life easy—" And so on, and so on, until Mother had pleaded, coaxed, and fairly shamed them into silence and a somewhat grudging acceptance of the duty they owed those helpless little ones.

Six years had passed—on lightning wings. One after the other, Mother's children had become a definite, permanent part of the great city. James had acquired ownership of two factories, a large income, a fine home, servants, three children. Rilla had married, kept an expensive apartment, went in for clubs and society to fill the days of her childless existence. Pauline, earnestly applying herself to study and practice of painting and drawing, had launched upon a promising career as an artist and illustrator. Alvin had completed college and was well advanced in his chosen medical course. A family to be proud of, people said. And back in little old Greenfields town, Mother remained, caring for Bobbie and Bessie and Janie—supremely content.

Janie, at last, wriggled quietly from her lap and coaxed the

twins back to their play among the currant-bushes. Mother watched them go while something like panic took possession of her. She rose hurriedly, and went into the house to resume her work, as if being busy might restore her to her usual calm. But again and again the question returned: what would she do without these charges of hers—alone in her empty house?

"New Mother," as Bessie had so quaintly termed her—would she be good to them? Mother felt a twinge of jealousy—and promptly administered unto herself a sound scolding. After that she shed a few tears; and began anew with increased vigor her preparations for the expected guests.

The children hailed their father with delight. Towards "New Mother" they exhibited a grave shyness which quite captivated her, and before the second day was ended she had won them quite completely. Mrs. Knox decided, relievedly, that her brother's new young wife was entirely sincere and would truly be a mother to his children, a good wife to him.

All too soon, they were gone—joyfully, noisily. And deadly quiet settled over the house, through which Mother moved, wrecked with loneliness. When she could bear it no longer, she put on her hat, locked the doors, and went to visit her best friend, Tildy Howe, She came home at twilight, fed the chickens, milked the friendly Moo-Cow, gave tomcat Buster a great saucer full of the foaming milk. Minutes seemed like hours—it was as if bedtime would never arrive. Lonely tears threatened.

And then, suddenly there was a joyous honking at the front gate, and James and Rilla and Pauline and Alvin burst upon her. The tears that had threatened, spilled over, and had to be concealed behind a lot of laughter and foolish remarks about nothing. But at last dignity was restored—and then the "children" explained the real object of their visit.

They expressed regret that they had been unable to come in time to see Uncle Bob and his bride. Had Mother liked—her?

Yes—Mother liked Aunt Jessie.

"Well," sighed Rilla, "it's much better for him—don't you think? These years must have been lonely for him; he loved the children so—and his home. I'm glad he's married again, and I hope they'll be happy."

The others murmured agreement.

"And now, Mother, you'll be coming to the city to live with us, now that you're free?"

"Why, I—I hadn't thought of it—" Mother was plainly startled.

"But, of course, you will think of it. That's what we came down here for—to take you with us."

"It's the only thing to do, Mother." Pauline assured her as Mrs. Knox sat in silence. "You shouldn't stay away down here alone, you know."

"Why not?" demanded Mother.

"There's far too much work for you here, dear. It's high time you were taking things easy, Mother." This from Rilla; from the others, more murmurs of approval.

"But I like the work," protested Mother. "And I don't want to leave my home. Why—I've lived in Greenfields all my life. I don't want to go away."

"Oh, we're not denying that Greenfields is the garden spot of the earth," Alvin spoke amusedly. "But after all, I've a hunch you'd like old Weston city pretty well after you've been there awhile."

"You'll find city life most interesting," added James.

"And you'll be where we can look after you, and not have to worry whether you're all right," contributed Pauline.

"We'll make things pleasant for you, Mother"—Rilla again. "We want to make up to you for all these years of toil and sacrifice. You have worked so hard, it's resting-time for you now."

"But, good land;" ejaculated Mother, "old age hasn't claimed me yet! Why, I'm only forty-eight, and I'm strong as an ox, and healthy as—as—" she paused helplessly, then went on: "I'm not ready to settle down to lavender and old lace and smelling-salts and rheumatism yet—not by a good many years!"

Through their laughter, Pauline spoke soothingly.

"Of course not, Mother Goosey dear—no one wants you to; that isn't done at all nowadays. It will be tailor-mades and women's clubs, and golf, and things like that. You'll like them."

"I'm not so sure—" began Mother. Whereupon they all started talking at once—entreating, arguing,—until Mother was hopelessly confused and bewildered.

In the end they had their way—except that Mrs. Knox refused to arrange for the immediate sale of her home. Instead, she prevailed upon a neighbor's boy to look after things while she went to the city to "visit," as she insisted. But confidently, triumphantly, the children bore her away.

They had planned for her with care and completeness, she found. A room in Rilla's apartment had been fitted up for her, and was to be her "headquarters," her home. But she was to feel equally welcome at James' house or Pauline's studio; Alvin, who lived at a club, would take a major share of looking after the "entertainment." Between them all, it appeared that every waking moment would be filled.

For awhile she found in the new mode of living, a mild enjoyment. In her former visits she had seen but little of the city itself; now the children delighted in taking her out sight-seeing, again and again, until there remained hardly any place of interest which she had not visited. Then there were the big stores—veritable mazes of such wonderful, beautiful things she had not dreamed could exist; the theatres, where she was all admiring eyes and ears, marveled at the ease with which her sons and daughters discussed the technicalities of plays which to her were simply a mysterious form of entertainment; the libraries, with rows and rows of books and magazines calling to her to enter their world of make-believe. She learned to find her way about by herself, and set out determinedly to become familiar with the things that interested her beloved children.

But when the novelty began to wear away somewhat, she became conscious that, after all, this was a superficial, a purposeless existence. No one was dependent upon her for anything; her own wants were taken care of entirely by others. She longed to cook, to bake—and was warned by Rilla that the maids would misinterpret and resent her presence in the kitchen. When she visited James and his wife and wished to romp and play a bit with her little grandchildren—she remembered in time that romping would be rather detrimental to beautifully marcelled hair and a stylish silk frock; besides, she stood almost in awe of their exceedingly competent French nurse who watched over them constantly. She tried a club or two; that helped, but did not materially lessen the increasing emptiness of her days, which grew longer and longer.

The children, aware of her low-spiritedness, doubled their efforts to keep her happily occupied; but how could they guess, when she did not know herself, that what Mother needed was not more strenuous play, but a judicious amount of that good old leavening agent, work?

Then she discovered Jennings' Park: its green coolness, its kindly shade for hot afternoons, its wide lawns, its lovely flowerbeds, and finally—its playground. She was with Pauline that day, in a shiny black little coupe, rolling leisurely over the smooth driveways, when a sudden turn brought them directly opposite that children's paradise. Mother sat bolt upright.

"Pauline! Stop!" she almost gasped.

The unexpected command startled the younger woman; the coupe stopped with a jerk.

"Oh, my dear!" in dismay, "I didn't mean to frighten you! I just wanted to stay here awhile to—to watch the children playing."

Pauline's relief amounted almost to vexation, but she quickly controlled herself.

"I'll admit you did startle me; I thought I must be about to run over someone—or someone's child—or puppy-dog. I am immensely relieved."

Mother did not answer; her delighted gaze was riveted on the scene before her. Children—in action—everywhere. Swings—slides—teeter-boards—a swimming-pool and a wading-pond.

"It is interesting, isn't it?" observed Pauline. "I like to watch them, myself. Such a wealth of color! A living rainbow—or an animated flower garden. I've been here many times, sketching. I painted the 'Up in a Swing' you liked so well, from a drawing I made out here. Children at play offer unlimited artistic subjects and opportunities."

In such vein Pauline talked on; but Mother hardly heard her. Children were not "artistic subjects" to Mother Knox; they were living, breathing human beings, men and women in miniature, meant to be loved and played with, cared for and guided. A lump rose in her throat. Children! Why could she not always have them about her?—To attend to their demands, play with them, caress them. No wonder these last months had seemed so empty; She, Martha Knox, one of those women whose only hobby, only passion, is home and children—trying to fit into a life of leisure! Idleness! A laugh—not of amusement—escaped her. Pauline looked around inquiringly.

"Perhaps we'd better go now," suggested Mother.

Glad to get back to her room, to be alone, she sank into a chair; mechanically removed her hat and gloves, and, without rising, laid them on the dressing-table near by. She closed her eyes, thinking—thinking.

At last she knew the reason for the failure of her feverish efforts to take up contentedly the life her sons and daughters would have her live; the explanation of laggard hours even though every moment were occupied. Leisure—the "resting-time" which the children maintained she had earned, and which they wished to assure for her—suddenly she seemed to see it as a long, long road through the coming years; a straight, easy, monotonous, often lonely, road down which she would journey—all but alone—trying to amuse herself. And this—this—was what would be called, "resting-time."

She saw now, plainly, clearly—that it would never do. Her forty-eight years had dealt with her lightly; left her with unusual strength and vigor; the "activites" which her children's world would offer her, might fill her hours, but they would never fill her hands nor her heart.

On the other hand—she thought of her home at Greenfields, remembered how still the house had been after her brother's family had departed. How much better would it be? At least, came the swift answer, at least there would be the housekeeping, the cooking, cleaning, gardening that she loved. And for the remaining hours—what?

"There's got to be a way for me," she whispered that night as she lay in the darkness waiting for sleep. "Lord, help me to find the way!" she prayed. And having thus voiced her appeal to the One who would never fail to understand, she felt better and soon was deep in dreamless slumber.

An impulse which she could not overcome lured her again, a day or two afterward, to Jennings' Park and a shady seat from which she could watch the fascinating scene that was the playground. She leaned back silently, dreamily, trying to imagine that somewhere among those happy youngsters might be Bobbie, Bessie, Janie—or other little ones who loved her and would presently come running to her to tell some gleeful tale.

A bright-hued rubber ball, half rolling, half bouncing, across the grass, struck against her foot. She picked it up and held it outstreached towards the little girl who came running to get it. She flashed at Mother Knox an adorable smile.

"It tried to run away, didn't it?"

"That's what it did," Mother answered.

"But we won't let it, will we?"

"We surely won't. It's a pretty ball isn't it?" Mother was delighted to have the child close to her. She edged closer now to display her treasure.

"It's my very newest ball, and my Uncle Ted gave it to me. It has pictures on it; see?—This is Little Boy Blue, blowing his horn to make the cows and sheep come home. And this is Bo-Peep, looking for her pretty, white lambs. And this is Mistress Mary in her garden.—I have a little garden; have you?"

Mother nodded.

"Is it a nice one like mine, with pansies and daisies and lilies in it?—Mister Jack takes care of mine mostly, 'cause he knows just how; but sometimes Mama lets me help him, and I get nice black dirt all over me. And then Mister Jack says—"

"May Margaret!" called a voice impatiently.

"Oh, there's my Nursie calling me. Goodbye, nice lady," and with a parting smile she was gone. Mother could hear the nurse saying crossly,

"May Margaret, how often must you be told not to talk to strangers? Some day somebody will steal you and take you away,

and you'll never see your dear, sweet mama again." And May Margaret was hurried away as if from some hideous danger.

Mother flushed hotly, indignantly. The words of the nurse kept ringing in her ears; they spoiled the pleasure she had felt in being where she was, and presently, feeling unduly tired and alone, she decided to go home.

A number of people were waiting to take the street-car, and, shyly, Mother Knox stood back from the crowd. The car stopped, they moved closer; she was near the entrance. Then she saw Billy.

Just what it was that made her stop still, looking at Billy, she could not tell. Perhaps it was the thinness of him, the raggedness of his clothing; or was it the silent pathos, the hopelessness that looked out of his big brown eyes, his too-old face? Perhaps it was not any of these; it may have been the tenderness with which he was helping a little girl, undoubtedly his sister, from the car. She was every bit as ragged, as uncared-for, as he; and it gave Mother a distinct shock to see how exceedingly skinny it was possible for a child to be. She could not take her eyes from this pair of waifs.

"Billy."

The boy turned instantly to face a sour-looking woman whose face was visible at an open window of the street-car.

"Billy, don't you foot 'round here too long. You get back 'n time ta help, or you get nothin' ta eat. And don't lose yer ticket."

"I'll be careful, Mrs. Wayne," he promised. "I just want to take Margery over to the swings awhile."

"See she don't get hurt, neither. I've got troubles 'nuf 'thout no accidents ta look after."

"I'll be just awful careful," Billy called as the car moved away. Mother Knox let it go; she had no desire to get back home at once, anyway—what she wanted, more than anything else, was to find out something about this Billy who touched her so strangely. She wanted to speak to him, but her recent experience with May Margaret had made her afraid; so she merely followed the two, at a descreet distance, as they went slowly through the park.

The boy's devotion to the little Margery was apparent; no one could have been more gentle, more solicitous of her pleasure. When he had swung her, and see-sawed her, and let her wade a little while, and taken her down the slide, he led her to the merry-go-round and stood holding her hand as she watched the course of the gayly-painted wooden steeds. Quite unobserved, Mother approached and stood near them.

"Wist we could ride on 'em," Margery said wistfully. "Why can't we, Billy?"

Mother's hand involuntarily sought her handbag; but while she hesitated, Billy suddenly turned to Margery a brightening face.

"Why, maybe I can fix it so you can, Margy. Say, listen, would you sit right here, and not move till I come back, if I give you a ride when I come back?"

"Course, I will."

He found a seat for her and hastened over to a nearby refreshment stand. He spoke to the man in charge. "Say, mister, —anything a feller can do to earn a nickel?"

The man grinned.

"Whatcha want a nickel fer, Buddy?"

"To give my little sister a ride on the merry-go-round."

"Where is she?"

Billy pointed her out.

"Well, I'll tell you whatcha can do. See them tables over there?" indicating with a sweep of his arm. "Go clean away all them papers 'n' things folks left around 'em on the grass; then come back here."

Billy made short work of the task set for him. "Plucky little scamp!" Mother applauded him silently. In a surprisingly few minutes he was on his way to Margery, his face shining, the nickel held fast in his hand.

"Now you can have a ride, honey," he exulted. "Right now!"

"You,too, Billy?"

"No—just you," he smiled.

Mother waited no longer. From her purse she took a bright new coin.

"Billy!" she said gently.

Startled, he wheeled about.

"Here, Billy—take this—Margery would like you to go with her."

He stared a moment in frank amazement. Then, "Why thank you, ma'am. Oh, thanks!" and hurried to get aboard.

Mother stood near, smiling through misty eyes each time they passed her. She remembered the tremor that had been in his voice as he thanked her; she was aware now of his wide-eyed curious gaze in response to her smiles.

Concluded in the June Issue

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah
Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XII MAY, 1925 No. 5

Seeing what the Missionary Predicted Concerning Palestine

Today Jewish colonies are springing up all over Palestine, on ground forfeited by the Turkish government. Behind all this is an interesting story. The Turkish Government, often financially embarrassed in the past, accepted large loans from Mr. Rothschild, a wealthy Jew. As security for the loans, strips of land in Palestine, were asked for and received. These facts were first related in our hearing by a Latter-day Saint missionary, who had served in Palestine for a number of years. The elder predicted that the Turkish Government would never be able to return the money borrowed, and that in all probability the transaction would prove the opening wedge for Jewish colonization in the Holy Land.

On the 16th day of February, 1925, we visited the beautiful sea port of Jaffa, and there saw a new city of from 15,000 to 22,000 inhabitants—Jewish, built in record time, on a strip of land that was once the property of Mr. Rothschild, but which is today the Jewish city of Tel Aviv. On the 18th of February, it was our pleasure to ride in an automobile between Jerusalem and Nazareth, and while en route we drove along the fertile plains of Esdraelon, and saw there a Jewish colony on land contributed by Mr. Rothschild. A group of such colonies may be seen throughout

Palestine. In Jerusalem we visited a hospital founded by Mr. Rothschild, which is being conducted by Jewish people. At present much interest is centered about Jewish colonization in the Holy Land. Some favor the movement, others look upon it with disfavor, but whatever the attitude toward the project, all are interested.

The Missionary Home

For many years there has been felt among our people a strong need for a place where prospective missionaries might have some sort of preparation for their field work and where returning missionaies might have a little encouragement and help before they lose themselves among the crowds at home. Such a place has now been established in Salt Lake City, Utah, just north of the Eagle Gate at the head of State Street.

The quarters are both commodious and elegant, accommodating forty-two missionaries. The men occupy one side of the building and the women the other. All the prospective missionaries, whether from Salt Lake City or from the outside, are expected to spend one week at the missionary home. A daily program is provided for the time spent here—temple work, sightseeing, amusement, study. There is careful supervision everywhere, from the time of rising at six o'clock to the time of retiring at ten o'clock. Nothing, whether farewell parties or visiting relatives, is allowed to interfere with this regular program. Parents of the more youthful missionaries may therefore feel that their sons are perfectly safe. As for returning missionaries, they are expected not only to report at the Home, but are asked to talk to the out-going missionaries with a view to giving them such practical suggestions as they themselves found useful. Also they are put in touch with employment agencies through which, if they wish, they may obtain work at the earliest moment and thus avoid the idleness that often results.

We commend the Home to our readers. Mothers need feel no apprehension whatever concerning their boys while they are here. The Home is in charge of Elder LeRoi C. Snow, son of the late President Lorenzo Snow.

Kate Waller Barrett

1858—1925

Annie Wells Cannon

"That day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our tomorrows."

How truly wonderful must have shone all the tomorrows that came into the life of this noble woman—Kate Waller Barrett, whose every day was filled with the glorious thought of doing good to others! Nay, though she has now finished her life's work and entered upon that golden tomorrow which is eternal, still will her kindly deeds follow her, while thousands whom she served and helped and loved, reverence and bless her precious memory!

A kinswoman of General Robert E. Lee, she was born, and reared, and married and died, in one of those beautiful ancestral Virginia homes, so historic in the song and story of early America.

It was her cousin, General Fitzhugh Lee, who gave her away in marriage, and merry and happy the throng that danced at her wedding and partook of the proverbial "Old Dominion" hospitality—a hospitality which, as many travelers and friends testify, has lasted throughout all her years, notwithstanding the changes and scars of time and war.

She was born January 24, 1858, at Clifton, Stafford county, Virginia, the daughter of Withers and Ann Eliza Stribling Waller, was married in 1876 to Reverend Robert South Barrett, who died twenty years later.

She received her early education at Arlington Institute, Alexandria, Va., and later completed a course in nursing at the Florence Nightengale Training School, at St. Thomas Hospital, London. After sixteen years of married life, and though, by this time, the mother of five children, she still felt the call of higher education, and in 1892 she was graduated with an M. D. degree from the medical college of Georgia, being valedictorian of her class. From early girlhood she gave evidence of a marked forward-looking personality, and now in her young womanhood being admirably equipped for public work, she began a career along philanthropic lines. Her keen sense of justice and her deeply sympathetic nature were early aroused in behalf of young women whose neglected moral training had led them into forbidden paths, and she associated herself with the cause of the Florence Crittenden Mission, to which cause she gave many years of devoted service acting both as a member of the directorate, and as vice-president, general superintendent and, from 1897 to 1909, president. During her term of office in connection with this mission Mrs. Barrett made a number of trips to the west, twice visiting in Salt Lake City. The result of one of these visits being the establishment of a home in Ogden, as well as once again when on her way to Japan, where she assisted in establishing a Crittenden Home.

Dr. Barrett was a delegate to the conference for the Care of Delinquent Children which was called by President Roosevelt in 1909; in 1914 the United States government appointed her a special representative to investigate conditions in Europe, surrounding alien women, and in 1919 she was a delegate to the peace conference at Zurich as well as a special representative in Europe of the U. S. Bureau of Immigration. She was the only woman appointed by the Governor of Virginia as a member of the Commission on Training Camp Activities during the World War; and prior to this she was a representative of the United States Government to the San Francisco and San Diego expositions in 1915. Among some of her other activities and positions may be mentioned the following: member of the Societie Academique Histoire Internationale, prominent identification with the conference of Charities and Corrections for Virginia, national chairman of the Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations, state regent for Virginia of the Daughters of the American Revolution, honorary member of the National Council of Women of the Argentine, and first national president of the

American Legion Auxiliary, in which latter position she has been a mighty friend of the veterans of the late war, and by her special aid and inspiration has helped many of them to "carry on."

It is, however, as a member and an officer of the National Council of Women of the United States that the Utah women became more intimately associated with Mrs. Barrett and knew her best. In this great organization she held successively the offices of second recording secretary, vice-president and president, and it naturally follows that the delegates from the Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Improvement Association to the executive sessions and the council gatherings should become very closely associated with her. She proved herself a friend to the Utah women, and whenever occasion called for it she warmly championed their cause. A large delegation of Utah women attended the council in 1902, and after the proceedings were over, Mrs. Barrett invited them to her home in Alexandria, and with true southern grace threw open the rooms of that venerable mansion, then over two hundred years old, giving her guests the entire freedom of the place—to linger among the choice collections of trophies and relics gathered during many years travel in different parts of the world, or to rest in the spacious rooms among the quaint furnishings and family heir-looms. It was a rare opportunity and gave the visitors a most favorable insight into the domestic background of this charming magnetic woman.

Two years ago Mrs. Barrett again came to Utah to attend a convention of the American Legion held at Price. Great attention was shown her by the men of the Legion and the women of the Auxiliary, as they could not but feel that it was an exceptional honor she conferred in coming so far to be with them in a state capacity. While on this visit she was entertained at a banquet in Salt Lake City by the Legion Auxiliary, and Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, President of the Relief Society, and Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, president of the Young Ladies' Improvement Association, and other officers of these societies, were invited as special guests, by Mrs Barrett's request, as her time was too limited to permit her to accept the entertainment the Utah women desired to give her.

Mrs. Barrett died Tuesday, February 23, 1925, at her home in Alexandria. On the evening of her death she had attended a ball given by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and shortly after returning she expired from a sudden heart attack—the incident beautifully demonstrating the verse so typical of her nature:

"She smiled at weary feet
And said of waxing age,
'Would I be robbed
Of life's last page'?"

The funeral, held in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Thursday morning, February 25, was a fitting tribute to a life well and fully lived. A friend in Washington, D. C., who attended, writes: "One could hardly imagine so many flowers. It seemed that every organization in the world must have been represented. Among the larger pieces were the State of Virginia, The American Legion, National A. L. Auxiliary, Kiwanis, Rotary, D. A. R., Army and Navy, etc., but the sweetest thing to me was the little bouquets brought in by the children and townspeople of Alexandria. There were hundreds of them, and while the size of the church did not permit all to remain for the service, it seemed to indicate more eloquent than words the love the home folks had for this noble woman. In fact this was the most human, the tenderest and most lovable feature of the whole funeral."

It is said that Mrs. Barrett's home is to be kept intact for fifty years, the servants to go on living just as they have done, and nothing spared to make any one "coming home" comfortable. How beautiful to contemplate such thought for loved ones left behind!

Mrs. Barrett truly lived every hour. She gathered from the book of knowledge and experience. She gave unbounded love and helpfulness. The brightness of her nature, the beauty and grace of her person, and the radiance of her soul, will be a cherished memory to all who knew her.

To Mother Dear on Mother's Day

Willard Greene Richards

I left you, Mother, and my childhood's home—
Not in a way that I had dreamed or planned—
Although by nature much inclined to roam—
I went obedient to a high demand.

Ere twice ten summers over me had rolled—
Deprived of *you,* it seemed for all my life!
By woman's love man's acts are much controlled;
What could I do but choose a faithful wife?

Then followed welcome gifts of boys and girls,
The only riches we have so far known—
Ten precious "talents," priceless gems and pearls—
God knows we want them always for our own!

At home, I was your restless, jolly one,
Falling on mischief for experiment.
Finding a laugh where others saw no fun,
But all my nonsense was with good intent.

And in some future state, it may be heaven,
Where family groups with order rules comply,
Surely, dear mother, you will find your seven,
The others *will* be there—and *so will I!*

When angel ushers notice where I stand
And "size me up" to see "if I am fit,"
Some one will know me and, with friendly hand,
Direct where Father and his family sit.

And when they see your gentle, saint-like face
Smiling on me in loving, trustful joy,
For me and mine near you will be a place,
For *Mother,* I shall always be *your boy.*
And we shall laugh when you, dear, take your place.

Mother's Answer

Lula Greene Richards

My boys forever! Your first "hit" on earth,
When three weeks old, was to create a stir,
Making your father's mother laugh with mirth,
As at first sight you gaily laughed at her.

What have you done in five and forty years
With loving help-mate more than half the way?
I trust you find more cause for smiles than tears,
As over days gone by you take survey.

The Lord has favored you with children ten,
A goodly count as now the world contrives;
May they go forth true women and brave men,
This world made better for their honest lives;

And, in the next, with all our kindred race,
Happy and bright will you and yours appear,
And we shall laugh when you, dear, take your place,
Like you and Grandma at first meeting here.

The Editor Abroad

From Great Britian to France; a Visit to Chateau-Tierry, and the Place of the Armistice.

Alice Louise Reynolds

From Scotland our party went through the far-famed lake district of England, and on to Liverpool, where we had the pleasure, a second time, of visiting with President David O. McKay and family. While at Durham House, Sister McKay introduced me to the sister who is in charge of the Relief Society work in Liverpool. From Liverpool we went to London where we remained for something over two weeks, from thence to Paris, where we once again joined Professor James L. Barker and family.

As we have not as yet finished our visit in great Britain, I shall take up that in another article; the plan being to devote this paper to material particurlarly appropriate for the month of May.

Many nations appear to have special gifts, consequently they make special contribution to civilization. It is difficult to think of Greece and not think of sculpture, and equally difficult to think of Italy and not think of painting and music. France, the country to which we shall devote several articles before we complete this series, has only been surpassed by the Greeks in sculpture, and today it is the mecca of the art student of the world, for the French people appear to have the enchanters wand with which they turn all things to beauty. This coming summer will hold, in Paris, an Exposition of Decorative Arts. France is above all nations fitted to hold such an exposition, for in all probabitity she produces at the present time a greater variety of beautiful things than any other nation.

In the heart of the city of Paris that has long been called, by Karl Beadeker, the most beautiful city in the world, a site has been selected for the exposition that in itself is a place of incomparable beauty. If we approach it from the main thoroughfare of the city, the famout Champs Elysees, we find two buildings dedicated to art exhibitions; these buildings are known respectively as the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais; they are in themselves gems of architecture, and are at all times devoted to art exhibits, the famous Paris Solon, an exhibition of the best art work done in the nation, being held there each year. Below these two noted palaces of art, buildings are in the course of construction for the exhibition. The last time we saw them was in the month of January, yet they bade fair even at that time to maintain the French reputation for art. The series of buildings is interrupted by the Seine River, over which one finds the Alexandre III

bridge, the most beautiful bridge we have anywhere seen. Then the buildings continue, the group finishing with the Invalides, the building which contains the famous tomb of Napoleon I.

This brings us to the special material for this article, for not a great distance from the tomb of Napoleon I we have an Arch of Triumph, of the place de l' Etoile, meaning the place of the star, for the city of Paris radiates from a center just as the spokes of a wheel go in all directions from the hub. Directly beneath this Triumphal Arch, reared to commenorate the achievements of Napoleon I, we have the grave of the Unknown Soldier. A very sacred spot has been selected for the grave of the Unknown Soldier in the United States, and Great Britian has honored her Unknown Soldier by placing him in Westminster Abbey; yet I can not help thinking that France has excelled the other nations, in the place she has selected for her Unknown Soldier. Only those who make a special trip to Arlington Cemetery may see the grave in the United States, and only those who step within the sacred abbey may see it in England; but in France, the grave is in the very heart of the city, with its full tide of humanity sweeping by; the pedestrian pauses to remove his hat, as he passes. Here, always, there are flowers on the grave and frequently large wreaths at the side; for visitors from many climes come to Paris and there pay their tribute and their homage to the valor of the French soldier, by placing a wreath upon the grave. This spot is further signalized by a flame of fire that constantly puts forth from the head of the grave.

On the 11th of November, of last year, ceremonies of a solemn nature were held at the arch. We saw official Paris gathering as we followed one of the roads out of the city; for our party, consisting of Professor James L. Barker and family, Miss Elliott and myself, left Paris at 9 a. m.to visit some of the war stricken country and particularly to pay our tribute to the American boys who had given their lives at Chateau-Thierry. As we drove along we were soon in Crecy, a city of historic importance in the 14th century. Passing the public square we noted the monument reared to those who had died in the Great War. The central figure of the monument at Crecy is a noble looking soldier lad. About him is a group of beautiful children, with eyes turned up to him. The inscription reads: "The Homage of the Children of Crecy to their Elder Brothers." A short distance farther we were in sight of the historic Marne, and very soon we arrived at Chateau Thierry, facing the monument erected to commemorate the valor of our American boys. The monument consists of a broad base reached by a few narrow steps, with two pillars extending upward a distance of 25 feet, white in color. On one pillar we find the

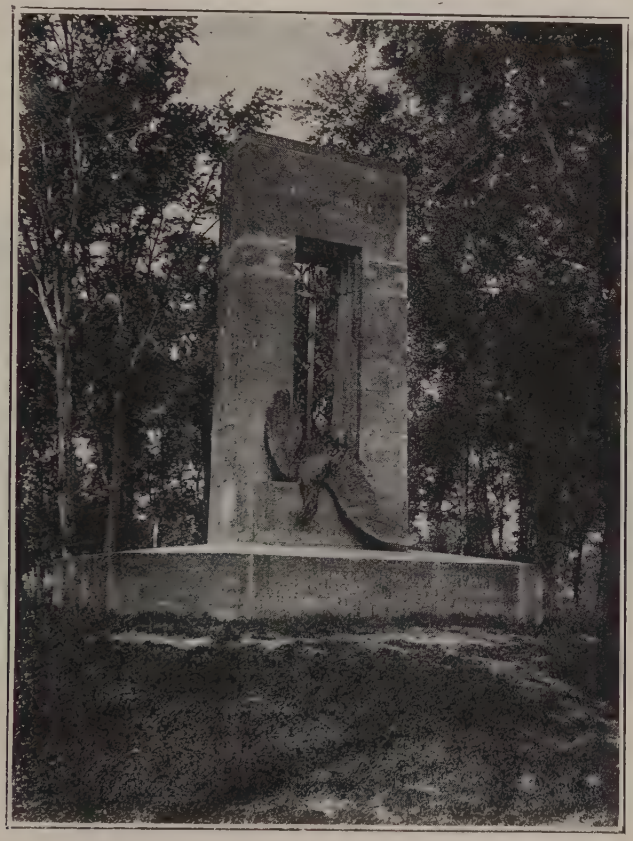
words, "Death is Lost in Victory," and on the other "In God We Trust." Yet what appealed to me above all else at this place was a bank of fresh flowers with a purple band of satin ribbon across it, bearing the iscription: "From their comrades in arms and the widows of their comrades in arms, on the sixth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice." There was also a wreath from a French family dedicated to the valor of the American boys. As we rode along, houses that had been stormed at in frightful manner became more numerous, and at nightfall we were at Rheims.

Rheims was a city of the size of Salt Lake, or nearly that, when the fury of the German guns was turned upon it. Of its 120 thousand inhabitants, only 70 thousand are to be found there at present. Of the 14 thousand homes 12 thousand were completely destroyed, or in part. Among other buildings that suffered the onslaught of the German guns is the beautiful Cathedral at Rheims. It is quite past my understanding how the people of the 13th century would create a thing so lovely; that it should have been shattered in any way is one of the terrible consequences of the last war. One of the towers is in a sorry plight, but thanks to the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, it is being restored.

Our party remained in Rheims over night. The next morning we visited what is known as the Red Zone. There we saw trench after trench, and barbed wire in rolls, and the great caverns or dugouts used by the men. Once we came across a huge shell that had not exploded, and every once in a while we saw a big tank turned on its side to rust. We were assured that much of the land we had passed over in the Red Zone could never be reclaimed. On we went to the Neverin Farm where is found a monument with a broad vase, which furnishes a commanding view of all the country round and where much of the fighting took place. This monument has at its top three gunners, one is said to resemble Quentin Roosevelt.

We drove on, coming in the afternoon to the place of the armistice. It has been our good fortune to visit this spot on two occasions, and we assure our readers it is well worth visiting, for it seems to have been selected with that unerring tact, or intuition, or something else that marks the French in the dealings with matters of sentiment. In an open space in the 1orest of Compiegne, one sees two railway tracks. They are not one hundred steps apart for we went over it ourselves to make sure. On our right hand side as we stood in the center, reading the inscription on the stone placed there, are the rails with a stone between marking the place where the German plenipotentaries arrived to sign the armistice. Opposite this spot, also between two tracks, is the slab that indicated the place where Marshall Foch arrived.

In between the two rails is a slab that like the other two resembles granite, but is very much larger; on it are written words no doubt dictated by the French national heart. They are: "Here on November 11, 1918, the Criminal Pride of the German Empire



THE MONUMENT OF THE ARMISTICE

succumed, and was vanquished by the Liberty Loving Peoples whom they desired to enslave."

At a distance of several rods from the place of armistice and to our left, stands a monument of great beauty and equally great suggestiveness. Its background is a French forest. In the midst of the verdure we see a granite shaft upon a granite base. It is a thick, flat shaft with a net work of iron set in much the way a piece of insertion might be set into a piece of fabric. Through this net work a sword has been thrust whose point pierces a

German Eagle with head turned completely down, and wings widely spread apart.

During our two days' drive, through this war-smitten country, we passed four cemeteries, which consisted of long rows of white crosses, with narrow strips of red white and blue of France. Behind them were long rows of black crosses where the German soldiers lie buried.

On Thanksgiving day we drove out again from Paris, we were in search of the American cemetery at Belleau Wood. Enroute we came to a statue to General Gallieni, the French general who

THE PLACE OF THE ARMISTICE, SHOWING THE TWO RAILS. THE RAILS NEAR THE TREES IS WHERE FOCH CAME; THE OTHER, WHERE THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVES APPEARED

commandeered eleven hundred taxi-cabs in Paris, each making two trips, thereby transporting eleven thousand men to the line of battle. This extraordinary effort won the battle of the Marne and saved Paris. At present historians are saying that this famous attack was one of the descisive battles of the world.

In the early afternoon we arrived at Belleau Wood, again we saw white crosses marking rows of graves that were ninety long and thirteen in breadth. This appeared to be one half of the cemetery. In the center stands a flagstaff that, from its height, looks as if it might be of Oregon pine; at its top fluttered the Stars and Stripes. The grass on these graves was as beautiful on the 27th day of November as it would be in the best kept lawn in Utah on the 1st day of June. We now began to hunt the trail to Quentin Roosevelt's grave. On our way we passed a second American cemetery that, like the first, is receiving great care. Between three and four o'clock we reached the place where the

former President's son lies buried. In a spot apart from all others he sleeps; the slab over his resting place contains the date of his birth and the date of his death and the one sentence, "He has outsoared the shadow of our night." As we stood looking at the simple slab his youth clutched at our hearts, not twenty-one. We stepped aside to see the place where he fell; a slab placed there by his comrades marked the spot.

France is rapidly building up the country made waste by the World War. As she recovers farms and rebuilds cities, the emotional life of the nation expresses itself in many and varied monuments. Many of them are very beautiful as well as very impressive. France gained the admiration of a beauty-loving world when she built the tomb of Napoleon I. Building monuments is not a lost art with her; for everywhere monuments of

OUR PARTY SITTING ON THE STONE THAT MARKS THE EXACT PLACE OF THE ARMISTICE

rare beauty are being erected to commemorate the deeds of those who died in the World War.

As we traversed the war-stricken country, we were made sad by the revelation of the suffering and destruction. Perhaps the questions put by the little four-year-old son of Professor and Mrs. Barker, are as illuminating as anything we can here include. Seeing the houses in heaps and sometimes with great holes gouged in their sides, he asked, "Mama, why did the mans shoot the houses?" Finally, to his insistent querry, his mother replied, "Because they were naughty." For some time he appeared to be turning the matter over in his little mind, then he put the question: "Mama, will the naughty men shoot the houses any more?"

The mother did not answer this last question, neither do those counted the most wise of the earth answer it.

Her Inspiration

By Alice Morrill.

I sought among the glowing stars
For theme that might inspire.
I gazed upon the mighty Deep
And mountains lit with fire.

Where storm-clouds heaved and lightening gleamed
Where desert lay outspread,
Where in the vaulting sky, the moon
Shone still and fair o'erhead.

I sought in vain. Nor stars, nor cloud,
Nor flood, nor mountain fire,
Nor desert deep, nor silver moon,
Gave theme that could inspire.

A soft hand plucked me by the gown;
A babe my thoughts beguiled;
I found my inspiration then
In the eyes of a little child

I had not time through motherhood
The message to impart
And so I treasured, all the years,
The poem in my heart.

Mother Mine

Vilate Roundy

If all the sweetest song-birds in the land
Should carol forth your name with one accord,
If all the flowers should mix their perfume sweet,
And call the odor "Mother," sweetest word;

If every breeze should whisper songs of you
And every leaf should rustle to your praise,
If all the sunshine were a flood of love—
It wouldn't equal half your true love's rays.

If all the stars that deck the firmament
Should suddenly be shaken from their place
And so arrange themselves that "mother" there
Would shine, and neither storms nor time efface,

Then, even then, your name would not assume
One-half the glory that to me it means,
That each throb of my heart says it deserves,
Oh, Mother mine, the queen of mother-queens.

NETTIE D. BRADFORD

ELISE B. ALDER

New Board Members

Nettie D. Bradford

By Ethel R. Smith

With the priceless heritage of being well born, Nettie Maria Davis Bradford, recently appointed member of General Board came into the world on the 17th day of March, 1873, the anniversary of a day dear to the hearts of every Relief Society worker. Born of God-fearing, righteous parents, Albert W., and Melissa J. Labson Davis, the principles of the gospel, which have ever been her guiding star in all her activities, were early implanted into her soul. As a girl she received her education in the public schools of Salt Lake City and the Latter-day Saints University. Her activities in public life have been many and varied. For a number of years she was in the Presidency of the Primary Association. When very young, she was called upon to act as secretary of the Sunday School and as an officer in the ward choir and later was made president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association in her ward. For four years she was a regular ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple. In 1909, she was chosen first counselor to Mrs. Harriet B. Harker of the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society in which position she labored, serving as counselor to both Mrs. Harker and Mrs. Harriet C. Jensen. On May 5, 1917, she was called to be president of the society and for eight years labored diligently and unceasingly for the benefit of Relief Society work in that stake. Mrs. Bradford is a born leader and

she carries with her into her work the true spirit of the gospel. Peace and harmony existed wherever she labored. It mattered not whom she gathered around her every element foreign to the Spirit of the Lord was eradicated through her gracious and impartial consideration of her co-workers. No task was ever too difficult or unpleasant for her to undertake. Yet with grace and dignity she has accomplished all she has undertaken to do and modestly gives all credit to her fellow laborers. Mrs. Bradford has been always active in community uplift movements, serving as president of the Parent-Teacher Association for two years. She has served as member of the State Commission for the Adult Blind, under Governors Bamberger and Mabey and is at present active in this position. She is also vice-president of the women of the University. With her family she spent two years in New York City, and lived in Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Washington, and San Francisco, California during the periods of the World's Fair in these cities. While in San Francisco, she represented the Y. L. M. I. A. as an official delegate to the International Congress of Women and was a member of the committee appointed to extend to the Countess of Aberdeen an invitation to visit Salt Lake. She was also chairman of the Credentials Committee at the National Council of Woman Voters and represented her state at various functions as official hostess at the Utah building during the World's Fair.

Mrs. Bradford was ably supported in all her endeavors by her husband and children. While she has been extensively engaged in public service her light has shone most brightly as wife and mother. A capable manager, an ideal housekeeper, her home has not suffered because of her activities in public. She is the wife of Dr. Robert H. Bradford, head of the department of metallurgy at the University of Utah and is the mother of five children, three boys and two girls, four of whom are living. One of her sons is now serving on a mission to Great Britain. The others are actively engaged in church and educational work. As a true disciple of the gospel of Jesus Christ, a dutiful daughter, a devoted wife and mother and a lover of service, the General Board is greatly enriched by this addition to its membership. Truly did her father, a patriarch, say in blessing her, "The Lord is pleased with thee and has yet a greater work for thee to do."

Elise Benson Alder

By Amy W. Evans

Lowell said that the training of a child should begin a hundred years before its birth.

That the training of Elise Benson Alder began that far in the

past one cannot doubt, when one knows the history of her forefathers.

In a beautiful home on the slope of a Swiss mountain, near Lake Geneva, lived Serge Louis Ballif, a gentleman of wealth and learning and his wife, Elsie Marie Le Coultre. A little daughter was born to them here, in the town of Lausanne, in 1850. She was named Louisa. Her infancy and early childhood was spent in an atmosphere of comfort, culture, and refinement.

Latter-day Saint missionaries reached this family, and they accepted the gospel. Being of strong faith and high courage, they left their beautiful home, with servants and ease, but took with them the culture and refinement, and came to America and to Utah.

Meantime, in America Ezra Taft Benson, an industrious New England farmer, felt impelled to move west. He and his wife traveled until they came to Quincy, Illinois, where they heard the faith of the Latter-day Saints and were convinced that it was true. Through his zeal and ability, not many years after he joined the Church, he was made a member of the quorum of apostles.

He and his wife with others were expelled from Nauvoo and went with the Saints to Garden Grove, when, on the 1st of May, 1846, in a wagon, a son was born to them.

This little son, George Taft Benson, and the little Swiss girl Louisa Ballif became the parents of Mrs. Alder. They were both leaders wherever they lived, in civic as well as in Church affairs. Her father was bishop of Whitney ward for twenty years, and her mother president of Oneida stake Relief Society for sixteen years.

Mrs. Alder was born in Logan, March 10, 1873. Eleven years later her parents moved to Preston, Idaho, later her father was called to preside as bishop over the Whitney ward, and it was here that she spent her girlhood and the early years of her married life. She attended the public schools and the Agricultural College at Logan. Her success as a teacher in the schools of Whitney, attracted attention, and she was asked to teach the primary department at the Oneida Stake Academy, which she did for three years, until her marriage to George Alfred Alder, son of George Alfred and Lydia Dunford Alder, October, 1895, in the Salt Lake Temple.

Eight children have been born to them, six boys and two girls. Two of their boys died. Their eldest daughter, Ione, who recently returned from a mission to the Western States is a graduate nurse, Lydia their second daughter is a trained social worker, and is with the welfare department at the presiding bishop's office. Lyndon, their eldest son, is attending the North Western

University at Chicago. The other children are in school at Salt Lake City.

"An officer in every auxiliary organization of the Church," can be said of Mrs. Alder.

Music always attracted her, and she has led boys' choruses, women and children, as well as a ward choir. The Whitney choir under her leadership entered a contest at an Eisteddfod at Logan and carried off first prize from the eleven competing choirs.

Her husband filled a mission to Germany and on his return they moved to Salt Lake City. It was here that her work in the Relief Society really began. She became president of the 20th ward society in August, 1915. In November of the same year Richard W. Young, then president of Ensign stake, called Mrs. Alder to be president of the Relief Societies of that stake, which position she held until November, 1923, when she was released at her urgent request, having met with an accident which prevented her giving that attention to her duties that she felt they demanded. Her one thought was that the work of the Relief Society must not suffer in any way. As a Relief Society ward and stake president she was a splendid success.

When she was called to the general board, she held the position of chorister in the 20th ward of Salt Lake City.

A warm and loving heart gives Mrs. Alder a magnetic personality, this with her natural eloquence, her optimism and faith make her a leader among women. These qualities with her broad and varied experience will make her a valuable member of the General Board of Relief Society.

She wishes to give the credit of whatever she has accomplished that is worth while, to the training she received from her father, her mother and to her husband, who is a great student and lover of the gospel, and who has given her much help and encouragement in whatever she has been called to do. And no doubt some of it is due to the training that began a hundred years back.

LARGEST CLUB IN THE WORLD PLANNED BY WOMEN

The American Women's Association met in New York on the 5th of April and made plans for building a nineteen story structure to cost $3,000,000, which is to be used for a woman's club. It is to be built by women, financed by women and run by women.

The plans provide for a club house of one thousand bedrooms, which will be rented to members for considerably less than hotel rates.

Psychology of Child Feeding

Jean Cox, State Supervisor of Home Economics Education

The problem of child feeding is complicated by the responsibility of having the child enjoy food prepared for him. Many mothers have all but despaired because of the difficulties of having the small member or members of the family group eat what they should. Some of the best trained nutrition experts often share the difficulties of the less trained mother. It is reported that one of the best known women in this field in sheer desperation took her baby to her mother where she left careful formula as to composition and amount of food and expressed the hope, before she left, that her mother's common sense and experience would be more effective in bringing the child up to weight than she had been. The report is that the more placid grandmother was much more successful in getting the child to enjoy the carefully prepared food than his own mother had been.

Much more has been printed, it is true, on what to feed rather than how to have the child eat what is prepared. One reason for frequent failure is lack of purposeful early training. Babies form habits at a much earlier age than is generally supposed. Some pediatricians claim that babies can be spoiled in terms of learning to cry for what they want before they are one month old. Habits of taking water at this early age and enjoyment of slight additions to the diet a little later are both necessary training for good standards in nutrition.

The tired child does not eat. This should be remembered by parents anxious to have their children up to standard. You may draw upon the experience of children you know. If Mary has walked from town or been to a party where there was far too much excitement for a two-year-old, the food will not make much of an appeal. In fact the extra excitement as well as lack of appetite may cause her to lose a little in weight. Nine-year-old Fred may have played ball until he reached the point of exhaustion so that at meal time he is very apt to find fault with everything and only eat very little. When dessert is served the few minutes rest may have been sufficient to have him enjoy one serving and ask for more. It is possible that he may eat his meal backwards. In cases such as this it might be less annoying if the child rested for fifteen minutes before trying to eat. This is common practice in the Merrill Palmer School of Homemaking, in Detroit. This one half million endowed school which is pointing the way in child care is accomplishing child training with a

group of children that is very satisfactory. It is the custom there for every child to rest on his individual cot for 15 minutes before the midday meal. This quiets nerves, takes mind away from play and popularizes meal times. Very often, too, children are able to accomplish where grown-ups fail in establishing food habits. A healthy, happy youngster whose food habits are excellent will be able to do what Mary Lou did in the following:

The instructor in charge of the lunch table group had exhausted all of her resources in trying to get Anna to eat her spinach. Every attempt had been rebuffed with a stubborn shake of the head and the reiterated statement "Me don't like spinach." Mary Lou saved the day by saying, "Eat your spinach, Anna, and you may serve my dessert." "Honest, will you, Anna?" eagerly asked Mary Lou. "Sure, I will, I'll stay at the table and you may serve both mine and yours." Anna ate the spinach with quite as much enjoyment as she did the dessert later.

A great deal of trouble results from thoughtless adults and untrained children in maligning good foods. If children are to be expected to eat the foods they should, common sense should prevent any criticism or derogatory comments on dishes or foods. The patient work of several years in getting good food habits established in a child may be demolished by having some one sit at the table and make remarks against milk, vegetables, etc., which are usually not included in the food repertoire of people who have poor food standards. Another thing that adults should be made to see is that it is their responsibility to eat foods that will help keep them in good physicial condition. When there is another generation who have had the right kind of training in food selection and enjoyment, the problem of child feeding will be much easier. The movement dealing with foods in relation to health has reached only a comparatively small number of parents and young people. There are still men and women who believe that the typical American diet of bread, meat, potatoes and pie is adequate. To people having this ideal unfortunately the present standards in child feeding approaches the burlesque.

When the grown-ups are converted to the need of right selection of food, children can be held up to standard. Usually a child is not very naughty if he finds he is outside the group. If the grown-ups do not offend in terms of food habits, few children will "make faces at good foods." Mothers would not allow children to make faces at guests they do not like, why then should they allow them to make faces at foods they imagine they do not like. The child allowed to do this will surely not avoid the rocks later or when he is more entirely responsible for his own actions in society.

The best kind of psychology in child feeding is to out-gen-

eral any tendency of the child to misbehave. For instance, in a certain family where children have considerable freedom, four-year-old Louise pushed her dish of spinach away from her plate with the remark, "No want it." After two attempts of having her forget her first decision, nothing more was said as these parents believed that meal time should be happy. Louise was out-generaled, for at the evening meal the spinach, carefully reheated, was placed on her plate and no comments were made. After playing outside all afternoon she was hungry and enjoyed it and the rest of the food without any protest.

Another clever mother overcame vegetable dislike by asking quietly when her nine-year-old Henry hasn't eaten his simple salad, "Are you ready to leave the table, there is ice cream for dessert?" Needless to say the reward of ice cream overcomes any momentary prejudice against buttered beets. Where children are over-fond of meats, very small servings will encourage them to eat vegetables if the suggestion is made, "Three tastes of vegetables can be eaten with these three tiny pieces of meat."

Very often children are ignored too much at the family table. They like to be considered worth some attention, courteous inquiries, such as, "Getting along all right, Sam?" will encourage them to live up to expectations. Anticipating needs with a very few suggestions as to how to eat will help Sam form correct table manners which are going to be important when he becomes a part of the larger social group. The habit of correctly using spoons or forks and napkin are valuable training in social consciousness. Even husky Bill, who is always hungry, will soon learn that he doesn't need to make noises when eating. A few words of commendation when he shows signs of improvement will gradually make him a satisfactory member at the family table. Satisfaction which results from being well trained in the niceties of the table will also help in putting over good food habits.

Where there are young children in the family, it is a distinct advantage for the family to eat foods which are on the approved list for children. This will facilitate training of the child and avoid tendency on the part of grown-ups to belittle foods which are not enjoyed. The following story which illustrates the fact that children are born imitators may be suggestive:

Mrs. Thorn's small son Bobbie and four-year-old Mary had developed definite dislikes for some of the foods necessary for growth. Mrs. Farnes, the next door neighbor, helped her analyze the situation. Mrs. Thorne gave a sigh of relief when she saw the kindly neighbor at her door. "Oh, do come in," was her cordial greeting. "I don't know what to do; Bobbie wouldn't touch his milk last night and Mary refused carrots today. Why

don't they tell us how to get food into our children's mouths as well as tell us what to feed them?"

"Why did Bobbie refuse his milk?" inquired the older woman quietly.

"Well," replied Mrs. Thorn, "he put it as far from his plate as his small arms could reach and said, 'Daddy don't drink milk, Bobbie don't drink milk.'"

"I see," assented Mrs. Farnes.

"You know," Mrs Thorn continued loyally, "Robert can't drink milk, he was sickened on it when he had typhoid."

"You mean he thinks he can't," smiled the neighbor. "Only one person in ten thousand can't really take milk. Children are born imitators and are very quick to respond to suggestions. Robert should see that his responsibility as a father includes milk consumption, and he mustn't allow Bobbie to lose the splendid start he has by imitating the poor food habits of his daddy."

"I hope that he will see it." Mrs. Thorn quickly responded. "as I am afraid, too, that Mary's growing dislike for vegetables is partly due to the fact that her father prefers bread, meat, potatoes and pie to a more varied diet."

"Successful home discipline is cooperation," Mrs. Farnes continued, "if Robert will only see the necessity of this, I think you need not worry, for I am sure a more liberal supply of milk, vegetables and fruit will help to prevent the headaches which he so often has."

After some discussion of the problem of converting Robert, Sr., Mrs. Thorn decided to work out a scheme which would make her family better food sports. Accordingly, she decided that with Robert's help they could all eat foods that only part of them now enjoyed. After talking the matter over with Mr. Thorn, who had been on his college football team, he decided that for the sake of Bob's athletic future he couldn't afford to handicap his possible success.

Family food habits are like family budgets. They are a cooperative rather than an individual affair. Both, too, are alike in that they have a distinct moral value. Ability to keep within possible expenditures, or skill in making the right selection of foods gives a feeling of satisfaction.

Sometimes failure in establishing food habits results from over anxiety on the part of the mother. Too much discussion on food values and individual responsibilities tend to prejudice a sensitive child toward dishes or foods. Success is frequently attained by appealing to the make-believe element in the child's nature.

The following means was adopted by one mother:

"Four-year-old Dorothy scarcely ever had real hunger pangs.

Mrs. Mack was, however, most careful to see that her child ate her food. Part of the mother's schedule included 15 minutes after each meal for food plays with her much loved baby. After Dorothy had eaten about a third as much as she should, and was ready to get down from the table, games similar to the following succeeded in getting her to eat enough food to keep her close to normal weight.

"The teeth fairies want a drink of milk to make your teeth nice and big," this wise mother would remark casually.

" 'How much do they want?' the fastidious child would ask.

" 'Oh, they want down to here,' and baby would hold the glass until she saw her fingers.

" 'Now they have all they want, haven't they?' she would observe happily.

" 'Yes, that is fine for the teeth fairies, but this little finger bone needs milk to make it strong. Shall we give it some with this nice cereal?'

"When the little finger was fed, Dorothy asked, 'Will my little finger be big enough for Dolly to hold on like I do Daddy's?'

" 'It will be, soon,' responded the mother as she started a campaign from another quarter. 'The stomach fairies would like some toast and butter so they can help the milk make your teeth nice and white.'

" 'Are those all of the hungry fairies, this morning, mother?'

" 'Yes, dear, they are all fed now, is Dorothy going to be mother's fairy and carry dishes to the sink?'

" 'All right, mother. Sing fairies with me,' and they sang,

"Fairies carry plates,
Fairies carry spoons,
Fairies help to dust
In all our rooms."

"Mrs. Mack believed that fairy suggestions in foods was more successful through keeping up fairy plays in real things and she also believed that she was a better mother by living with fairies with Dorothy."

There is nothing mechanical about a child's imagination; a mother has need of all her inventiveness and all her wisdom to train her little ones in habits of health and proper eating .

Former Resident—"Didn't this used to be called Adam Street?"

Resident—"Yes, but we have a woman mayor, so it was changed to Eve Street."

Of Interest to Women

Conducted by Lalene H. Hart

Will you give some suggestions on making and serving salads?

There is nothing that appeals to the appetite, especially in the Spring, more than attractive and palatable salads. The so called salad plants, as lettuce, watercress, endive, not only stimulate the appetite, but cool the blood, furnish vitamins and please the eye. The essentials of a good salad, are crisp greens, good dressing and attractive garnishes. Tiny radishes, green and red peppers pimentos, beets, carrots and stuffed olives cut in various shapes are very attractive. The kind of a salad used depends upon its function in the meal. Serve a green salad of salad plants, cucumbers, radishes, tomatoes or other similar vegetables with dinners or hearty luncheons. Use meat, eggs, fish, chicken or other substantial salads for the main dish at supper or luncheon. Fruit or fruit and cheese salads, make good desserts. Salad plants should be washed very carefully, drained well, and chilled thoroughly. Vegetables that require cooking should be boiled in slightly salted water, until tender, but not broken. Chill before cutting them in pieces. If canned vegetables are used, always heat thoroughly and then chill. Uniform pieces are easier handled and are more attractive. Do not mash or crush or your salad will look mussy. An uncooked dressing of oil and vinegar or lemon juice is best for green salads. For substantial salads, mayonnaise or some form of cooked dressing should be used.

One of the most useful contrivances in a house where there are small children is a baby pen. I invented mine when my children were small and now it has been handed down to my grand-children with equally good results. I procured a wooden box two feet eight inches square and eighteen inches deep. I lined it with two layers of cheap cotton batting fastening it well all round with carpet tacks. This I covered with medium dark washable material, and tacked it neatly over the edges and down the corners. Under the latter I placed castors, making it easy being inhospitable. Hospitality is one of the chief charms of a rug laid in the bottom, under which in winter may be placed a warm brick, completes the pen. When the baby begins to stand, the edge of the box is just hight enough for him to grasp, and raise himself up. He can exercise, have all his playthings about him, be protected from draughts and if he falls asleep will be safe for a short time.—*Mrs. G. J., Mt. Pleasant, Utah.*

It is said that busy housewives do not welcome interruptions in their work and for this reason they are often credited with being inhospitable. Hospitality is one of the chief charms of a woman who is a real "Queen of her Home." Here is a suggestion: Have handy by a piece of handiwork or art work—something you have longed to do, but with your multitudinous homely home duties have never found time to accomplish. Let it be something simple requiring a minimum of attention, of course. When your caller comes, piece up your loved bit of work and indulge yourself during his stay. Whether he be an agent for a brand of carpet-sweeper, a solicitor, or your best friend, you will find yourself regretting his departure, and in a short time a finished piece of beautiful work will appear to give you added joy.—*Mrs. A. M,. Tridell, Utah.*

When ironing I keep two needles near by, one threaded with white, and the other with black thread. Any articles of clothing I find with buttons missing, or that needs a few stitches taken, I mend at the time. It helps to keep our clothes in good condition and saves time both in handling and in mending them.—*Mrs. E. S., Bloomfield, N. M.*

From old shirts in which the tails and half sleeves are good, (even if the elbows and collars are worn out) can be made serviceable and pretty sack aprons for small girls. The back of the apron can be cut from the front of the shirt. The buttons are serviceable and pretty sack aprons for small girls. The back of the shirt makes the front of the apron. The upper half of the sleeves will make short sleeves, and the pieces left will be plenty for pockets and belt.—*Mrs. J. F. S., Heber, Utah.*

If the small baby garters cannot be obtained, sew loops of one-half inch tape to baby's stockings, then run the safety pin through the loop when pining them to the panties. This is a great stocking saver.—*Mrs. N. R., McCannon, Idaho.*

This is a good way to use up old newspapers or wrapping paper. Take any amount of paper and roll rather tightly to a good sized roll, about as large as an ordinary stick of wood. dip in water just enough to wet the paper through. Do not unroll. Lay the rolls in the window or any place most convenient and let dry in the sunshine. Then put away for hot summer days. You will find they make a good fire when you want to cook something quickly and do not want the house to get hot.—*Mrs. V. E., Shelley, Idaho.*

One Phase of Motherhood

Susan T. Jennings.

Everyone has his faults. Jim Jenson, Jr. was no exception. His was pronounced and obvious aversion to water. That is, to be more explicit, to water when it was associated with soap. Of course, he wasn't averse to its thirst quenching properties, especially when it formed the basic fluid of a soda fountain drink, neither was he averse to it when it ran in joyously cooling waves in the swimming pool. It was decidedly the associated variety that Jim openly and avowedly held a distaste for.

It seemed unfortunate, from Jim's point of view, that he and his mother did not just agree on these finer technicalities as to the various uses of water. No doubt their neighbors might have summed up their differences in the word immaculate; for Julia Jenson was an immaculate woman. She averred Jim ought to take frequent and thorough washings. Jim averred otherwise. This otherwise attitude peeved Julia considerably. Sometimes she complained to Jim, Sr. when he returned home of a week end. Jim, Sr's. vocation took him from home most of the week. Saturday marked his return. It also marked a thorough renovation of bedding in the Jenson domicile, with an application of fresh linen. So it could not be wondered at that Julia, being of the immaculate order, should be slightly edgy towards nightfall on that particular day.

Jim, Sr. was an even tempered man. He never took his wife's complainings too seriously. "He'll come to it, Julia," he always soothed.

"But I can't understand him, Jim, to be so negligent of his appearance, to not take more pride in himself. He doesn't take after you in that respect, not in the least." Intent on vigorously polishing a cut glass bowl and gazing admiringly through its crystal lights as if were reflected therein the polish that always attended Jim, Sr., she failed to note that that gentleman to whom the pretty compliment was directed had made no answering comment and to all appearances had suddenly become short sighted, at so close a range was he holding his magazine.

"You'll see that he takes his bath to-night, won't you, Jim?"

And Jim, Sr. did see to it, although it took considerable persuasion on his part.

"You'd better try and please mother about this washing business, Jim," he advised. "If you endeavor to please your mother

in little things, some day she may strain a point to please you in some big thing, eh?"

Jim eyed his father soberly, his reasoning appealed to him. Of course, he would have much preferred reading until bedtime, then rolling in. "But, oh well! Women were fussy over little things, that was their nature. And men? Why men left the fusing for the big issues. There was a difference," Jim concluded, as bristling with cleanliness, he jumped into bed.

Monday morning Julia felt slightly out of sorts. Perhaps it was due somewhat to Jim Sr. telling her he wished he never had to leave them. She was wishing it, too, all morning. Jim, Jr.'s general air of frousiness at the dinner-table smote on her fastidious cleanliness and tended to heighten her depression. She waited till he rose to go. "Jim, dear, you'll wash, won't you?

But Jim was already to the door. "Oh, Ma, let a fellow alone," he protested, "I'm going to play football, so it wouldn't do any good, anyway."

"But Jim, you must;" Julia though, was talking to space. She felt exasperated.

Along in the afternoon she had taken up some sewing and was thus absorbed, when the front door opened noisily and closed to with a bang. And Jim, Jr. bounded up the stairs. Suddenly Julia realized that the faucet in the bathroom was turned on at full force; and there floated to her the unusual ebullience of Jim washing.

"Could it be possible?" Julia's sewing involutarily slipped from her hands. In a sort of daze she moved towards the stairway, but was almost precipitated by Jim who came bounding downward with the same rapidity of movement with which he had ascended but a few moments before. He was fairly shining, a soft fragrance wafted to her.

"Jim!" she gasped. "You're the best boy!" But with a backward grin Jim had vanished.

Julia whisked into the kitchen. She was aglow with elation. She would make doughnuts for supper, Jim was so fond of them. She had read somewhere that parents ought to show in some way their appreciation for a child's compliance with their wishes. This would be her way.

In the process of doughnut making it came to Julia Jenson that in the way of being a trainer of children, she was indeed a success. It had taken persistence on her part and firmness. She wished Martha Mason would call. She would like to tell her how effective her handling of Jim had been; how effective it had proved in helping him overcome his failing. It might be a hint to Martha in the training of her own children. Martha was

altogether too lax. Julia had always considered her children somewhat unruly. It required firmness.

As if to grant her wish, a few days later Martha Mason appeared in the doorway. Julia welcomed her. Martha was a big hearted woman with always a sunshiny smile; more, she was always a sympathetic listener. But on this visit, Martha did most of the talking. She had new neighbors, the recently appointed president of the college. Julia made several futile attempts to introduce "Jim," but each time Martha waived her unceremoniously aside with, "I knew he'd come to it," as if the subject were of the most trivial importance. Of course it was interesting to hear about the new president and his family. What a nice, common, every-day sort of man he was; and to hear about his family, his lovely sociable wife and friendly, unselfish children. But she would liked to have talked more of Jim. She was therefore rather glad when Martha rose to take leave.

She followed her to the door and stood watching her from one of the windows. Somehow Martha's visit had had the effect of dampening Julia's spirits. She felt listless, disinterested in outdoor things, being scarcely aware of Martha's greeting a young couple who were crossing the street above. But the girl attracted her even at the distance, she appeared modest and unassuming. Julia was trying to place her as her eyes moved with a flicker of interest to the girl's escort. There was something familiar in the way he walked, the broad shoulders, the swing of the long right arm reminded her of someone, someone she had known. Why it was Jim! Jim, Jr.! Her own boy Jimmie, and with a girl, of all things! They had passed from her view, and somehow Julia staring into vacancy felt indignant; more, she was hurt, humiliated. He hadn't even told her and she always made such a confidant of him. The girl was a stranger. Wearing his best suit, too! Humph! The idea! Julia turned from the window and took up a piece of embroidery. For a few moments she worked rapidly. Her cheeks were flushed. She was trying to harness her thoughts, but Jimmie and the girl persisted in obtruding upon them, interweaving themselves with her stitches. Somewhere deep down in her bosom, Julia was sensitive of a little ache, an indefinite longing for something—she knew not what. If Jim, Sr. were only home!

A half hour later Julia was still in the same position, her fingers idly toying her work. The flush was gone from her face, she was pale, pain-eyed. The little ache was still there, but now in a blurred subconscious way she was striving to trace it to its source. Strangely she was passing Jimmie. Jim, Jr., then was not the chief offender, passing Jim, Sr., for he wouldn't have caused her pain for all the world, neither would her old friend

Martha. She had reached the source, the girl stranger. There was a frown gathered on her forehead. To think this slip of a bobbed-haired girl had more influence over her boy in a few short days acquaintance than his mother had had in years. All this bathing and dressing and fussing himself up; even to the helping himself freely to her expensive Hotskiss, had been done solely with the view of winning the approval of this stranger and not with any thought to please his mother or pay respect to her wishes.

To be sure, Jim, Sr., had seemed to have an intuition. Hadn't he fortold Jim would come to it? Martha, too, had had a like intuition. How obtuse she had been! The frown on her forehead deepened. Oh, this vast scheme of life! This inexorable passing of time! The inevitable destiny that gave to a mother a son; then when she had raised him to manhood, and he had become dearer to her than life itself, took him from her and gave him to another woman.

So thought Julia, rather somewhat bitterly, as she gazed moodily across the street. But even as she thought, a sweeter and finer influence was at work with her; for Julia Jenson was a good woman and receptive to higher influences. Gradually the things about her faded away, there crept a tenderness about her mouth, her eyes grew dreamily reminiscent. In her mind's eye she was viewing another street, one that hedged in all the dear familiar things of her girlhood. She was viewing another boy and girl. A strapping youth with an odd swing to the long right arm, and a slender girl with long, black plaits. He had playfully pulled those plaits the first time they met. After that he had somehow fallen into the way of walking to and from school with her. It had been a happy courtship, theirs.

Supposing though, Jim's mother had disapproved of her, had refused her, and not taken her to her motherly bosom, and told her she loved her like she was one of her own daughters! Julia shuddered. Why it would have been in the way of being a calamity, it would have broken up her life, their lives. And they were meant for one another, she knew it. Jim felt it, too. Supposing, supposing, Julia moved uneasily, her inward monitor was boring deep. Supposing this stranger girl was meant for Jim, that she was Jim's affinity, that in her he had found his life's companion, his soul mate? Would she, his mother, want to come between them? Would she want to break up their young lives, and sap their future of its joy? Was this her motherhood, her mother love? Julia's hands flew to her eyes as if to blot out an ugly sight. She sank back overwhelmed, while her thoughts raced, unchecked, along the channels hitherto strange * * * on * * * and * * * on to sunny vistas where romped merry children. There were other little Jimmies and little Julias.

A soft smile played about Julia's lips, her eyes were gazing through a veil of tears. She had always longed for a baby girl, a namesake, and now they were fondling about her knee, entwining her neck with dimpled arms, and cooing, "I lub oo Granma."

When dusk stole in, it found Julia Jenson enwrapped in a beautiful benignity for she had found a joy in sacrifice.

May

Mrs. Alice Foutz

I had not met my fair one for
Eleven months and a day;
You may know how it gladdened me
To greet my fair one—May.
She wore her dress of spangled green—
A most delightsome shade—
Enhanced by bloom and maidenhair,
By a masterhand 'twas made.

There was sunshine in her countenance
Her eyes were wet with dew;
She smiled, and bade me wander far
'Neath heaven's arch of blue,
So, hand in hand, we sallied forth—
Nor tarried our winged feet—
Past orchard, stream and hamlet proud,
With life and charm replete.

Sweet scented zephyrs stirred the air,
Rare perfumes wafted near;
While lacy cloudlets sailing high
Graced landscape bright and clear.
From tufts of tangled grasses
That clustered at our feet,
Shy flowers with modest faces,
Looked up with blushes sweet.

There were many voices calling
From hilltop glen and glade
Their welcome to my fair one,
And richest homage paid.
Ten thousand feathered warblers
Trilled forth their gladsome lay;
All nature welcomed her return
The joyous month of May.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

SAN JOSE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSION

California Mission

The San Jose branch, California mission, while small in number is a very active organization, with an average attendance of 80%. Most of the members take the *Relief Society Magazine.* The Society has placed the *Magazine* in the public library and in many homes where it is impossible for the sisters to attend the meetings. A non-church member is among the subscribers. The temple fund for the year 1924 was subscribed 140%. The Relief Society, with the other auxilliary organizations in the branch, is concentrating its efforts on raising funds to assist in the building of a chapel. Mrs. Sophia Harmon is president of the San Jose branch.

During the summer months, 1924, the Binghampton, Arizona, branch Relief Society took a course in home nursing and first aid from the University of Arizona at Tucson, and they are now planning to take a course in dietetics. The work is given in the extension department, a teacher going from the University to Binghamton to give the course.

Northern States Mission

The Relief Societies of this mission contributed $72 for temple work in 1924. Effort is being made for even a better

record for 1925. The slogan for the coming year is, "At least one day's temple work for each member."

Southern States Mission

Each year new interest is added to the Relief Society work by the women of the Southern States mission, and the spirit of the work is felt in the outlying districts where there are no Societies. A new organiation has been effected in Miami, Florida, and in a short time the organization purchased an organ and contributed more than a hundred dollars to an unfortunate member who had an afflicted husband. The Richmond Society gave substantial aid to the needy members in another branch.

Los Angeles Stake

The Los Angeles stake Relief Society, at a cost of $239.50, furnished the living room of a club house for working girls which has been established by the Business and Professional Women's League of Los Angeles. Only girls under 21 years of age, who earn less than $16 per week are admitted to the club house, where they are furnished room and board at $5 per week. In addition to this and to the regular work of the organization, the stake has spent $100 for membership in the Child's Mental Clinic and $10 for membership in the California State Conference of Social Work, and has contributed 214 articles to the children's hospital. Relief Society women are in touch with the social agencies of Los Angeles and are becoming known there for the good work they are doing in various lines.

Minidoka Stake

The Minidoka stake reports a very successful clinic held in Minidoka county under the Sheppard-Towner provisions, with excellent follow-up work. The stake Relief Society with other groups assisted at the clinic where 125 cases were examined in the two days and the follow-up work is being done by the state field nurse in company with President May Jones, and Counselor Zilla Smith of the Relief Society. It is found that in nearly every case the advice given has been carried out, which has brought about the good results which obtain.

Blaine Stake

The women of the Relief Society of the Blaine stake have, with their neighbors, profited by the health work recently provided for by the Red Cross.

Jane Delano, American Red Cross nurse who died in France in 1919, left as a memorial to her parents, funds sufficient to put on five nurses for field work for from three to five years. The Delano committee under the direction of Judge Payne, head of the Red Cross work, appoints the nurses to the territory where

they shall labor. At a regional conference of the state of Idaho held in Boise, the subject of the Delano nurse was discussed and it was decided to send one to the rural parts of central Idaho. Miss Janet Worden was given this appointment and she gives from five to six months' continuous work in a county. She has worked very successful in the southern part of Blaine county in co-operation with the Relief Society organizations. The following is a report of her work from September, 1924, to January 1, 1925: home visits to sick cases, 168; pupils examined in 24 schools, 670; defects among these children as follows: eyes, 193; ears, 49; teeth, 289; nose, 179; throat, 225; skin, 34; lungs, 4; heart, 8; glands, 84; underweight, 98; overweight, 42; poor posture, 34; poor nutrition, 48. Many corrections of these defects have been made. Definite goitre was found in one school in 45 children and now they are all taking the goitre treatment prescribed by the physician. There were also 250 mothers interviewed by the nurse; 34 sanitary inspections of school buildings; 108 second personal visits to homes about children's defects; 90 pre-school children and babies weighed each month; 12 lessons given in home hygiene and care of the sick (classes held for adults), with 101 pupils taking the course; 129 miscellaneous visits to parents; 3,075 miles traveled by car, and 792 miles traveled by train and sled.

Box Elder Stake

It is interesting to note that out of 163 maternity cases reported in Brigham City, from January to November, 1924, seventy-seven used the Relief Society maternity bundles.

New Zealand Mission

Elder Joseph H. Olsen, president of the Wellington conference, pays the following tribute to the *Relief Society Magazine*:

"A few days ago I was in the home of one of our Relief Society presidents and chanced to see the *Relief Society Magazine*. I picked it up and hurriedly scanned the contents thereof. It is replete with inspiring articles and gems of wisdom. Through its pages the voice of the Relief Society is carried to the ends of the earth like the sound of a mighty trumpet which encompasses the world with its message of love, good will and spriitual lift. The far-reaching result of this publication can hardly be comprehended. Even here in New Zealand, the very southernmost corner of the Lord's great vineyard, the spirit of the great Relief Society work is brought into the homes of the Latter-day Saints, both the Maori and European, through this splendid periodical."

Franklin Stake

Previous to the group convention in 1924, a contest was

put on in Franklin stake Relief Society with a view of increasing the attendance at the convention. The stake was divided into the east and west sides, and a chairman appointed for each division. Both sides worked faithfully as the results will show. Ninety-seven percent of the officers, teachers and class leaders of the east side were present and ninety-four and a half percent on the west side, the west side falling down on account of sickness in one of the wards. The agreement was for the losing side to entertain the winners. Accordingly, at the next stake and local officers' meeting the west side entertained with a short, spicy program, after which delicious refreshments were served.

Salt Lake County Stakes

The Salt Lake county Relief Societies recently presented the County Infirmary with two handsome victrolas to be placed in the men's and women's halls, respectively. The superintendent reports that these instruments are a constant source of joy and pleasure to the patients. The stakes which made the presentation are Ensign, Liberty, Salt Lake, Pioneer, Grant, Granite, Cottonwood, Jordan and Oquirrh.

Summit Stake

In the passing of Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Lemon of Kamas, January, 1925, the women of Summit stake are reminded of her long and faithful service as president of the Morrell ward Relief Society covering a period of forty-one years. There are two especially interesting features connected with Mrs. Lemon's term of office—she and her two counselors, Mrs. Julia Woolstenhulme and Mrs. Christina Larson served together as a ward presidency forty-one years and for thirty-five of the forty-one years, during which time there was no ward house in this small community, all Relief Society meetings were held in the homes of the presidency and her counselors. Mrs. Lemon was not only active in Church work but was a successful midwife and homemaker. She was the mother of nine children.

Eastern States Mission

Miss Pearl Snow was recently appointed president of the Relief Societies of the Eastern States mission, and since her appointment she has visited the Relief Societies in Boston, Lynn, and Salem, Massachusetts, and Charleston and Huntington, West Virginia.

Big Horn Stake

A very successful Relief Society conference was held in the Big Horn stake Saturday, Februbary 7, 1925. An instructive program was carried out which consisted of three excellent musical numbers and talks on the following spbjects: The Need of Mis-

sionaries at Home, Music and Literature in the Home, Household Arts and Household Management. All three of the topics were handled in a very able manner. The ward reports showed that the Relief Society work is steadily growing and that a good spirit prevails throughout the stake.

Millard Stake

Following is a report of the health clinics recently held in the Millard stake: Clinics were held in five of the largest wards in the stake. In one ward all families, where there were small children, except three, attended the clinic. All wards seem interested and are prepared to hold a clinic every three months.

Parowan Stake

The Parowan ward Relief Society celebrated March 17 in a very fitting manner by entertaining at a social in the afternoon in which the public participated. After the opening exercises a fine program was rendered consisting of musical numbers and short speeches. The life and some of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley were given by Miss Rose and Mr. Hanson, instructors of the Parowan High School. A delicious luncheon was served after which the Society held a very successful bazar, having for sale women's and children's clothing, fancy work, quilts, and rugs. In the evening a pageant entitled "Grandmother's Dream" was very ably presented to a large and appreciative audience after which the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Pocatello Stake

One of the most enjoyable events of the season, and one long to be remembered by those privileged to be present, was the observance of the eighty-third anniversary of the Relief Society by the First Ward Relief Society at the L. D. S. tabernacle. The demonstration of a Relief Society business meeting took place on the platform, the presidency seated around the table and the "audience" was the Relief Society choir. Conducted in strictly parlimentary style, the service opened with a hymn, and invocation. The minutes were read and approved, reports received, suggestions for improvements offered, and new members initiated. The program consisted of readings, duets, and remarks by Mrs. Emily Gladwin, followed by solo dances,the Scotch reel, Irish Wash woman and the Money Musk. A delightful surprise of the evening was a colonial minuet in costume, representing President and Mistress Washington; General and Madame Lafayette; Lord and Lady York; Lord and Lady Cornwallis, and others. To the strains of "Humoresque" by Dvorak, played as a minuet, a double file of colonial people filed into the ball room from east and west entrances, and joined their escorts in the center of the hall and danced the minuet to sweet music. Called upon for remarks,

Bishop M. A. Pond said he revisioned past history in the program of the evening, up to the time when the Pocatello branch of the Church was organized, May 6, 1888, and his mother was made the first president of the Relief Society, and he had known every succeeding leader. He called upon Mrs. Martha Pugmire, president of the Relief Society stake board. Mrs. Pugmire stated that she was more than delighted with the successful program and in closing admonished against holding ill will against anyone and to forget and forgive offenses and live in peace. The hall was beautifully decorated in Irish colors. Dainty refreshments were served. Benediction was pronounced by Elder Arthur W. Hall.

My Little Babe

By Fern J. B. Russon

He knows
No greater heaven than his mother's arms—
This little babe of mine—
Nor moon nor bright sunshine
Is half so fair nor half so full of charms
For him as mother's smile;
And every little while
He turns upon me such a searching gaze,
It seems my very soul he reads and weighs:
And, finding naught but love and tenderness,
Of silken finger-tips.
Soft cheeks and rosy lips.
And if, perchance, his tears must fall in vain
While swift I speed through urgent duties plain,
He seems to understand
And with a busy hand,
He turns again his playthings to subdue
And make them comprehend his wishes too.
E'er long I lift his sturdy little form;
Close in my arms he nestles, snug and warm;
And, creeping round my heart in wond'rous glee,
A sweet, warm rapture bids chance murm'rings flee.
Ah,—tender babe of mine—
Love's lustre deepens with these needs of thine.

Teachers' Topic for July

Recreation

1. Play is nature's method of effecting growth and development.
2. Recreation is conducive to good health.
   a. For children.
   b. For adults.
   c. Parents and children should play together.
3. Play is the spirit of wanting to do.
4. The swing, the sliding board and sand pile in the back yard or porch are excellent for strengthening the child's body and making him happy.
5. Mothers are missing supreme joy by not taking their little children on a day's picnic to some nearby stream or grove of trees or even in their own shady back lawn.
6. Latter-day Saints have always felt it a duty to provide suitable recreation for both old and young.

Baby's Skies

By Abbie R. Madsen

Baby's skies are mother's eyes;
Don't you know 'tis true,
Don't much matter
What their color,
Brown or azure blue,
Just so long they sparkle, twinkle
With a love divine,
You will see that adoration
From baby's eyes will shine.

Baby's skies are mother's eyes;
Don't you know 'tis true?
And it matters,
If there passes
Just a cloud or two,
Very soon a wee lip quivers
Then you see a tear,
Now you've blotted out a sunbeam
From one you hold most dear.

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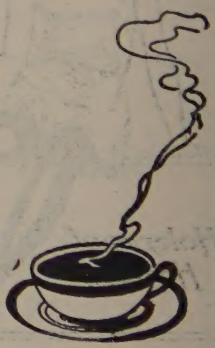
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